THE

Caledonian Laddy.

BLITHE Sandy he's a bonny boy
And always is a wooing,
Nor is e'er too bold or coy,
Altho' he is ſo looing:
Laſt night he preſt me to his breaſt,
And vow'd he's aſk my dady O,
O dear to wed me he confeſt,
The Caledonian Laddy O:
O my bouney, bonney Highland boy,
He's my bonney, bonney, bonney Highland boy,
He's my Caledonian laddy O.

The maidens try, both far and near,
To gain young Sandy over,
But all their arts I do not fear,
He will not prove a rover;
For ſure he told me frank and free,
Unknown to mam or dady O;
He'd marry none, ah! none but me,
The Caledonian laddy O;
O my bonny, &c.

The other day, from Dundee fair,
He brought me home a bonnet,
A cap, and ribbons for my hair,
But mark what ſoon came on it!
As late at kirk we ſomehow ſtood,
In ſpite of mam or daddy O,
He marry'd me do all I could,
The Caledonian laddy O,
O my bonny, &c.

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